

HOME SECTION SOUTHERN TEXTILE BULLETIN

Edited by "Becky Ann" (Mrs. Ethel Thomas)

CHARLOTTE, N. C., FEBRUARY 2, 1928.

News of the Mill Villages

HUNTSVILLE, ALA.

The Jos. J. Bradley Band.

If there is anything we like better than work, (except the eats) it's music; and when our band in full regalia gets going, the welkin rings; heads pop from doors and windows to listen; dull care and heartaches are banished; eyes grow bright, and smiles and dimples take the place of worry lines. We are all proud of our band.

The following is a complete list of officials and members.

Officers

Mr. Ward Thoron, honorary president; Jos. J. Bradley, president; Jasper N. Pogue, vice-president; Luther D. Lehman, secretary; I. C. Yarbrough, treasurer-manager; Alfred Phillips, Librarian; Jno. L. Hay, director.

Members

Clarinets: Jesse Wilson, Clarence P. Baker, George D. Lehman, Clarence Holmes, J. Green Phillips, William Rigsby, Leonard L. Langston, Harvey Pritchett.

Saxophones: Geo. D. Davis, Luther D. Lehman, Ervin Phillips, Belvard J. Church.

Cornets: Jasper N. Pogue, Alfred Phillips, I. W. Walker, Hiram N. Williams, Chas. N. Oldfield, W. A. Venable, Roy King.

Altos: Hervey H. Parks, Herman B. Watley, F. B. Alexander, Marvin Hall.

Trombones: Arthur O. Boyanton, Albert D. Smith, Lowe H. Oldfield, George F. Davis.

Baritones: J. E. Tuck, Luther Daniels.

Basses: Osceola Cloud, F. D. Potter, Harrison Williams.

Drums: J. Marion Lehman, Virgil W. Lovill, Jr., J. W. Brown.

The band will be three years old in August, and is one healthy, husky youngster.

We have good Sunday schools and three nice churches. Last Sunday, in the absence of Mrs. G. W. Lehman, W. A. Erlanger had charge

of her class, and was amazed to find Robert Wilson, a 12-year old boy, with a perfect lesson, and ready to answer any question. Robert will no doubt soon have a class of his own. At the close of the lesson, Robert asked all the class to remain for church.

Rev. A. C. Stevenson is our pastor, and is always interesting.

Mr. P. B. Crouch, overseer spinning, is back on the job after a short illness.

Mr. De Lemley is quite sick. The Baraca Class went in a body to visit him, Sunday. Our teacher, Mr. G. W. Lehman, read the lesson and our pastor, lead in prayer.

Merrimac village has over 3,000 population.

Learning More.

KINGS MOUNTAIN, N. C.

Dilling Mill.

We knew our superintendent, Mr. Z. F. Cranford, was not making so many trips to Albemarle just for the fun of going; so, Wednesday, he confided in some of his overseers that he was going over and bring back a wife, and, likewise departed right in the middle of the week, leaving them the whole job. He was married Thursday afternoon to Miss Nellie Lowder, of Albemarle, or near there, returning home that night. We welcome Mrs. Cranford to our town and extend to them our hearty congratulations.

Cora Mill.

The Cora Mill store was sold this week to a company from out of town. The new management took charge Thursday. Mr. Hugh Williams will stay with them awhile; Mr. C. H. Stowe is in the mill office, and Mr. R. L. Chaney, Jr., has a position with W. M. Gantt's store.

Mr. Ben Bruce is not mending very fast at this writing.

Mauney Mill.

Mauney Mills, Inc., is the successor to the Mason Mill, which was sold recently, and bid off by Mr. W.

A. Mauney; the bid was not raised, and the court confirmed the sale.

The officers are: D. H. Mauney, president, Lincolnton, N. C.; D. C. Mauney, Kings Mountain, vice-president; W. K. Mauney, secretary and treasurer; Claud Rhyne, superintendent, and Carl Rudisill, of Cherryville, General Manager and adviser.

The mill is being overhauled and put in first class condition; it is predicted that when it starts about February the first, it will be one of the cleanest and nicest mills in town.

The most of the sick folks reported last week from the different mills, are better; some of them out. There are several new cases of measles and more expected to take them. They are not hurting any one very badly here.

Mrs. M. L. C.

KERSHAW, N. C.

Boy Dies From Accident With Dynamite, Other News From Kershaw Cotton Mills.

Woodrow Payne, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Payne, was playing with a dynamite cap last Sunday when it exploded and blew off a part of the boy's hand. He was hurried to a physician, who rushed him to a hospital, where he soon after died. He was carried to White Bluff, for burial.

We had quite a storm here Tuesday night about 8 o'clock,—wind and rain,—some damage being done; a part of the mill boiler room roof blew off; some store windows were broken, and many fine shade trees uprooted.

Mr. E. L. Crenshaw visited in Columbia, Sunday.

Messrs. B. C. Baker and M. A. Crolley, visited in Columbia, Wednesday.

Mr. Harold Turner has been very ill this week, but think he is on the mend now.

Mr. D. C. Outen, overseer the cloth room, is sick, but we hope he will soon be back on his job.

A Reader.

Becky Ann's Own Page

VISITING AMONG THE MILLS OF GEORGIA

By "Aunt Becky"

Dalton, Ga.

Dalton is a beautiful town with broad clean streets, attractive business houses and modern hotels—away up in the Northwest corner of the State,—near Chattanooga, Tenn.

The Crown, and Boyleston-Crown Cotton Mills, are among the best in the State, and we can imagine how lovely the grounds are in spring and summer.

Mr. George W. Hamilton, superintendent and vice-president of the Crown Cotton Mills and general manager and vice-president of the Boyleston-Crown, was very kind and courteous, and we were glad to have had the pleasure of meeting him:

The **Bulletin** and **Home Section** go to a few in Dalton, and, as a "little leaven leaveneth the whole lump" we are hoping that many others will be added to our list there, in the near future.

JEFFERSON, GA.

Jefferson Cotton Mills

W. H. Epps is another of those chivalrous Southern gentlemen who takes pride in the products of his mill, and who is always the soul of courtesy to visitors. In fact, the old time "big-I-little-you-bossism," has played out in the South. The most successful manufacturers are never too busy to be kind and obliging. We were pleased to meet the treasurer, Mr. Bryan.

It had been around 12 or 13 years since our last visit to Jefferson, but we found many friends of **Mill News** still on the job, and all delighted to have the **Bulletin** and **Home Section**. Everywhere we go, Mr. David Clark is highly commended for adding the **Home Section** to his paper, and we are sure that his foresight in establishing this little family paper, will accomplish great good in textile communities.

Our Mr. Phillips already had such a nice list of subscribers at Jefferson, that we had no idea there were any more to be secured. But those good people didn't intend that "Becky Ann's" visit should be altogether fruitless. Mr. U. H. English, overseer of weaving and assistant superintendent, soon had us adding J. W. Johnson, master mechanic; D. D. Carithers, D. W. Ferguson, J. P. Sullivan and H. C. Carlisle, loom-fixers, to our list.

Louis Sword is carder and spinner, assisted in carding by Will Crocker, and in spinning by Henry Pirkle; C. R. Long is second hand in weaving; C. C. Greer, overseer cloth room. Moleskin and seventeen styles of fancy goods are made here.

MONROE, GA.

Monroe Cotton Mills.

We have many personal friends here, and, many subscribers to the **Bulletin**—18 in all. It goes without saying that we enjoyed our visit, especially the good supper in the home of the overseer weaving, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. White, who have an extraordinary fine family.

Monroe Cotton Mill runs day and night, and we have never known a finer or more efficient bunch of overseers. J. W. Mears, superintendent has no superior in those graces that attract and command love and respect. He has held his present position and his same overseers for many years, and all his employees unhesitatingly declare him to be "the best man in the world to work for." They know he is their loyal friend, and that they can get a square deal from him always, if they have been faithful.

His welcome to "Becky Ann" was warm and cordial. He appreciates the work we have done and are still doing for the Southern textile industry, and instructed his overseers to show us every courtesy, and extend all the help they could; and, he himself, backed us up to the limit.

Such leadership naturally results in the best of influences. His people are genuinely interested in the **Bulletin** and **Home Section**, and are all full of pep and enthusiasm,—a live, wide-awake and dependable bunch who like their work and get commendable results, as proven by a very successful business.

The overseers are J. H. Perkins, overseer carding; Fred Allen is second hand in daytime and Herman Sykes is second hand in night carding; J. C. Eller, overseer spinning, assisted by Robert McDonald in daytime, and George C. Morton, at night; J. W. White, overseer weaving; P. L. Hardeman night second hand, and J. C. Perkins, day second hand; J. O. McClain is head loom-fixer; other loom fixers who are far above the average, are L. O. Gunn, T. R. Stapp, H. M. Bachelor, R. R. Martin, F. M. Woodall and Charlie Tanner, all subscribers to the **Bulletin**.

Other young men who will be heard from in the future progress of Southern textiles, are D. M. Porter, overhauler, A. H. Day and W. D. Brown, section men in spinning, and J. M. House, section man on spoolers and warpers. W. A. McDonald, is overseer cloth room.

CANTON, GA.

Canton Cotton Mills

This is one of the most interesting places in Georgia, and is truly a church-going town. Mr. R. T. Jones,

president and treasurer, and his son, Mr. L. L. Jones, secretary and general manager, demand that the overseers set the right example before the employees. In other words, a man who is not enough interested in the good of the community to attend Sunday school and church, is not considered worthy a responsible position in the mill.

As one man smilingly confessed: "I thought at first that Sunday was rightly mine to spend as I pleased. I didn't want to go to church, but had to to hold my job; now, I am so interested in our Sunday school I can hardly wait for Sunday to come. I consider Mr. R. L. Jones a man in a million—strong, clean and fine; a man who stands uncompromisingly for the right, and whose influence has meant more for good in Canton, than will be known this side of the Judgment Day. And Mr. L. L. is following in the footsteps of his father—a fine example of what proper home training will produce.

And we found everyone anxious to "speak a good word" for the Messrs. Jones. Churches and Sunday schools, day-schools and music, are close to the hearts of all.

Mr. R. T. Jones has been superintendent of the Baptist Sunday school for near 30 years, and has been elected for life. The "R. T. Jones Bible Class," had an attendance of 145, the previous Sunday. Mr. D. E. Dunwoody, (superintendent of Mill No. 2,) is class secretary; Messrs. L. L. Jones and Warren Chandler, are teachers.

There are various secret orders, a fine hotel and schools, new and lovely Baptist and Methodist churches. Jones Mercantile Co., capitalized at around a million, furnishes anything from a paper of pins to an automobile.

If an employee who has proven worthy is overtaken by adversity, strong hands hold him up and soon have him smiling and happy.

In fact, from what we could learn, Canton Mills practice Christianity. The people for the most part, are from the mountains and have been trained up in the various mill departments. They almost worship the Messrs. Jones, and wouldn't leave Canton for any other place on earth.

In Mill No. 1, Mr. A. P. Hogan is superintendent; W. C. Flemming, is overseer carding, and Joe Jones, is second; J. A. Thompson is overseer spinning and Julius Thompson is second hand; W. E. Evans is overseer weaving, with A. B. Ammons, second hand; R. L. Wade, overseer beaming and slashing, with Charlie White, as second hand; Chas. Welch, overseer cloth room.

In Mill No. 2, D. E. Dunwoody is

superintendent; F. M. Foster, carder; B. H. White, spinner; W. L. Pettit, dyer; A. M. Mode, beamer and slasher; V. J. Deese, weaver; B. H. Williams, overseer the cloth room; J. J. Groves, master mechanic for both mills.

We truly appreciate the courtesies extended us by Mr. R. T. Jones, the president and Mr. J. A. Thompson, overseer of spinning. We were glad to meet Mrs. Thompson, who has always been deeply interested in our work, and has read everything we have ever written.

ATCO, GA.

American Textile Company

Atco, is just outside of Cartersville, and unquestionably one of the prettiest mill towns in Georgia. The location is ideal, and the village shows up to good advantage from every angle.

The president, Mr. J. A. Miller is a real prince of courtesy, kindness and genuine good will, — always busy, but never too busy to see "Aunt Becky," and wish her "good luck."

A large new addition,—some of the machinery now running,—makes this mill almost double in size. 20,000 new spindles and 600 more looms with all the necessary carding equipment for same, has been added to the mill, making a total of 52,000 spindles and 1,416 looms,— if we make no mistake,—all to be electrically-driven.

Seventy-four new houses have been built. The village is as neat as a pin,—houses all nicely painted, electrically-lighted and have running water.

We had the misfortune to become desperately ill while in the mill,—the result of eating cold-storage eggs for breakfast, while in Marietta—and we are deeply indebted to Mr. J. T. Hawkins, overseer weaving, and to Mrs. Bowman and Mrs. Harris, "for help in time of trouble."

We found plenty of good people at Atco who had not forgotten us, and our visit there was a real treat and a pleasant memory.

W. P. Fallis, carder, (an old timer) was away, but his assistant, R. A. Chitwood, an exceptionally fine and efficient young man, was carrying on successfully with the help of Ernest Hatfield, second hand, who is also one with a future.

J. O. Ford is overseer spinning, and S. S. Cantrell, second hand; J. M. McCoy is overseer spooling and warping, and Oscar McCoy, second hand.

J. T. Hawkins, is overseer weaving, with W. W. Stephens and R. C. Reeves, second hands. W. W. Barker is overseer the cloth room.

Owing to the fact of our illness, we did not get as many news notes as we would otherwise have done. We need and want a correspondent

at Atco. Mr. Hawkins, won't you appoint one?

Next week, we will tell about **Milstead, Social Circle, Covington, Winder and Commerce.**

OUR W. H. STILL WRITES FROM TARBORO, N. C.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I reached Tarboro, N. C., Saturday and met so many of my old friends it seemed like a reunion. But I missed seeing J. V. Thomason, as he works at night, and I don't think he waked up before I left Monday, and I sure hated to leave without seeing him.

They want you to visit **Fountain and Hart Mills**; some of the best fellows in Eastern North Carolina are at Tarboro, and you wouldn't know these mills since Mr. S. L. McCracken, superintendent, has taken hold. These mills are now so clean and nice and work running so good they don't look right! The floors are especially clean, and one can see with half an eye, that somebody knows how to scrub.

Mr. McCracken and all his overseers are efficient in their lines, and know how to make work run good,—and that makes the help contented and happy.

This seems to be a church-going crowd, too. I took dinner with Superintendent and Mrs. McCracken, Sunday, and am sure I gained ten pounds.

Monday my car was froze up, but Mr. McCracken kindly tied a rope to it and helped me off.

W. H. Still.

(Ten pounds! Now I know we'll have to make our doors wider here in the office, if you ever come in again! 10 pounds added to your 290 makes 300! Mr. McCracken was acting in self-defense when he so kindly pulled you off of his premises.— Becky Ann.)

DARLINGTON, S. C.

Darlington Manufacturing Company

Our mill, along with a few other print cloth mills is curtailing to forty-five hours per week, trying to keep too much surplus cloth off the market. We notice, however, that there are a lot of other mills making practically the same kind of goods, running both day and night, which we think is the wrong thing to be doing at this time.

Our community was visited by a severe electrical and wind storm Friday night, doing very little damage, however.

We are having our regular community service at the Methodist church this Sunday night January 29th. Presiding Elder of this district, W. I. Herbert will make a talk.

Mr. J. C. Stroud our boss carder, has started a night school which is well attended. We know that it is bound to be a success if he teaches it like he runs his carding, for we consider him one of the best carders in the South.

Personals.

Mr. W. F. Pettit and family spent the week-end in Greenville with friends.

Mr. J. C. Stroud, our carder, went to Columbia, Saturday on business.

Mr. Cobb, who has held a position in the shop for several years, has resigned and gone to the Mollohon Mill at Newberry.

Walter Mattox who has been overhauling our spinning for several years, has resigned to try his luck in the insurance business.

Mr. and Mrs. George Oakley announce the arrival of a fine girl, Ethel Lee.

Borne to Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Truett, a boy.

Aunt Becky, we sure do like your new story.

F. S. K.

WAXHAW, N. C.

The Man Who Thinks He Knows It All Is Headed For a Fall.

I was glad to see that my friend, J. A. Quick was in the recent carding contest. Our superintendent, Mr. T. W. Harvey, handed me one of the books, and I find some good and helpful ideas in it.

J. A. Quick and I began our textile experience in McColl, S. C., and had a hard road to travel. I had been in the mill some time, before he came. John had will power and a determination to make good and nothing could hold him down. He rose to the position of overseer carding, and after a number of years received a better position with the Louise Mill, of the Chadwick-Hoskins Co., Charlotte, where he is still on the job.

I succeeded John at McColl, and was overseer carding 8 years. Both of us learned up from the frames, and had no "textile school course" to help us out. We worked hard all day, getting practical experience, and studied at night to improve ourselves. A textile course is all right provided practical experience goes along with it.

A superintendent who is not experienced in all the departments can have a lot of things pulled over him by his overseers.

One great trouble with some of our mills is that the superintendent is trying to run with in-laws, and cousins and nephews on all the responsible positions, regardless of their qualifications, or lack of them. Such mills are always having trouble with bad yarns. 90 per cent of the carders have to bear the blame for bad yarns—especially if

the superintendent is not a practical carder and spinner.

There is no one man who knows it all, though I heard a man say who has four or five mills in charge, that "what he didn't know about mill business was not worth knowing." I have been in the mill and studying for 37 years, and I am just beginning to learn.

C. M. Stewart.

SELMA, N. C.

Why Should Mill Life Be Monotonous? Can't Somebody Suggest Something Original For a Small Mill Town?

Dear Aunt Becky:

You know it is one of the hardest things in the world for a child to have to wait; when the table is set and the meal ready the child wants to eat. It doesn't matter how small the table is nor how large, nor how much company there is, the child wants it's place at the table, and the first table too. No doubt you remember having had to wait some time and how mad you were, and the names you called the one who had your place at the table.

Of course, we chatter boxes who are swamping you with our incessant patronage at your small table, can be handled very easily but you, being hostess, will have to consider well the general characteristic of that man Job, and "Patience," which stood out more prominently in his life than all else.

Now, there is a difference in you and Job;—in fact, two differences: First, Job's miserable comforters came in person with their wretched condolence, and you don't have to look at any of your tormentors; so, you have it on Job there. Second, you are not afflicted in body as he was, so you have it on him there again; but, on the other hand, Job's days of temptation had an end, and he was liberated from his adversaries and restored whole again; and you haven't any assurance that yours will ever cease their persistent clamor for a place at your table; however, if it gets too warm for you in Charlotte you can repair to the mountains when summer open up and by traveling "incognito" you may escape the rush for a while; but, for the present, you will have to remain at the head of the table, even if you are crushed until breathing becomes difficult.

Just as the child may not be hungry when the table is set, just so, we may not have anything to relate; but still we want our places. It is just natural desire for recognition.

No doubt you have thought—and may have made your thoughts audible, "It does look like those block-heads could say more with fewer words." And it does that way some-

times; but cheer up, the worst may be yet to come!

The social routine of our villages as carried on from year to year has become so monotonous until there is about as much variation as there is in the reach of the tide on the shore; and that is only when the waves are forced beyond their breaking point by a storm or some great commotion in the sea; and so it is with us; we are content with six days for labor and Sunday for rest, and if anything stirs us beyond this it is some great commotion that is thrust upon us. This is due to the fact that mill people feel inadequate to cope with what is termed "the better class;" and I have found that this "better class" is in many respects, far inferior to the average mill employee; but this idea was instilled into the minds of mill people when their privileges were not what they are now, and it seems that they will never get over it.

If mill people would rid themselves of this dependent spirit they are heir to, and for once realize that they play just as important a part in it's prosperity and development as any class of people in it, and that they are due the same consideration and that it is their privilege to demand it, then we would see mill people come forth in their own initiative and begin to do things that would be worthy of space in our leading publications, and some that might get front page display; but as long as we are willing to submit to accepting the word CO-OPERATION as our standard and let the other fellow do all the operating and leave us only the CO- end of the word there won't be much to report on the part of the employees.

We of Selma village are drifting along in the same old rut. No change and won't be till the management suggests or stages it.

I would be glad to see mill people come out and take the place in the South, socially and politically that belongs to them, and hear them voice their sentiments in state and church and quit being the "Monkey" for the public.

If some inevitable something happens, like a fire or a death, or a visit by the stork, or a destructive storm, I will let you know it; otherwise you will have to content yourself with knowing that we are all alive and waiting for something to happen.

M. D. Blackburn.

ROCK HILL, S. C.

Meeting of Carhart Overseers.

On Friday night, January 27, the overseers of the Carhart Mill assembled in the community house. Merry jokes and laughter helped to make the evening delightful. About seven o'clock a delicious supper

was served by Miss Amy Harrison, the community worker, assisted by Miss Pansy Giles.

The menu consisted of chicken, dressing, rice, potato salad, celery, sweet potato pudding, hot biscuits, coffee, peaches and cream, and cake.

After the supper the men enjoyed a very interesting illustrated lecture by a representative of Parks-Cramer Company of Charlotte. His subject was "Thirsty Cotton."

To be sure this lecture will make the work of the overseers more interesting to them. Those present were: Messrs. B. L. Ivey, C. A. Drennan, Douglas Thompkins, G. L. Melton, T. L. Chapman, Walter Devinyne, Fred Strait, Mahoney, Jennings, Ben Hyman, Wallace Allen, and B. Funderburk.

Pansy Giles.

GASTONIA, N. C.

Parkdale Mills, Inc.

This is a fine mill in West Gastonia and we wonder why you don't stop over to see us some time.

I get the **Bulletin** and **Home Section** and think they are both grand. I pass my papers out among the boys when I get through with them, and they all enjoy them.

Mr. R. M. Adams, our superintendent, is a real good man for whom it is a pleasure to work.

The sun will soon be shining, and we will be getting lined up for baseball. We hope to put out a first class team this year. G. D. Usery, from Loray Mill, is running a section in spinning room here, and we think that he would make a good manager for our ball team.

The help here are all satisfied and happy. Mr. Penland, day overseer, got all the day and night section men together the first of January, gave them a good helpful talk, and started the New Year off with a rush.

A Reader.

CLINTON, S. C.

Lydia Mills.

Lydia is still running full time, but we are expecting to curtail soon.

Mr. S. M. Drummonds spent last Wednesday and Thursday in Greenville on business.

Messrs C. Bragg, O. M. Lipe, J. H. Franks and R. T. Miller, attended the textile meeting in Columbia last week.

Mr. Scrap Turner has been on the sick list for some time, but we all hope to see him out again soon.

Mrs. Justis, wife of our Baptist minister, has been real sick for the past week, but we are glad to report her condition much improved at this writing.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Walter Crane, Thursday, January 26th, a son, Roy. Smokey.

Truth Crushed To Earth

By

MRS. ETHEL THOMAS

(Continued from Last Week)

Alf Moore glanced uneasily from her to his child, who stood with clasped hands, her big baby blue eyes troubled and perplexed, and holding in their depths a silent plea for freedom from slavery.

"It seems to me, Jane," Alf said gently, "that you're getting things a bit twisted. Virginia was a small girl when we came to live with you, but she was large enough to wash dishes and set the table, and to make beds and sweep—or, large enough or not, she did those things from the beginning, going to school only when she could finish her tasks in time. I remember perfectly, that a short time after we came, you dispensed with the services of a girl who received her board and \$4.00 a week. Suppose you had paid Virginia that during the past six years? It would amount to one thousand, two hundred and forty-eight dollars," dryly.

Virginia's eyes opened wide, and she ran to her father, clasped her hands around his arm and whispered:

"Daddy, oh Daddy! don't let her keep you—we don't owe her a cent,—and I'll keep house for you—I'll love you, read to you,—do anything in the world to make you happy!"

Here they were interrupted by the appearance of Sam Lennox, flushed from drink, a prey to the devil of lust, which had him in power.

"I've come for my wife," he said, an evil leer in his face as he advanced toward Alf Moore. Virginia gasped, paled and clung to her father in terror, as she gazed upon the man who a few hours before had seemed such a chivalrous gentleman,—whose arms had seemed a safe refuge from despair.

"Your 'wife?'" repeated the father, dazed and doubting.

"Your 'wife?'" echoed Virginia in fear, shrinking back behind her father.

"That's what I said,—my wife. If she hasn't told you, by God, I can; we both spent the night at—"

"But not together! I told you the truth Daddy,—I swear it!" cried Virginia, winding her arms about her father, and trembling like a leaf.

"And of course—as she's my wife in name, I want to do the honorable thing, and really marry her. I can give you all the proof you want about last night," and the man smiled triumphantly.

"You liar,—oh, you liar!" screamed Virginia.

"Bring on your proof," said Jane Moore. "Of course, if what you say is true, you'll have to marry Virginia," acidly.

"You little witch," laughed Sam, lurching forward with outstretched arms, "you get more desirable every moment, and by God, you are my wife, on account of last

They're All There

From the doffer boys, the spinners, the weavers on up to the overseers, superintendents and even the mill owners, they're all there in the

Becky Ann Books

Aunt Becky Ann (Mrs. Ethel Thomas) writes of Southern mill life as no other author has ever done. Her thrilling romances throb with life and love in the mill villages, grip your interest and hold it to the last line.

Read

Only a Factory Boy

Hearts of Gold

Will Allen—Sinner

The Better Way

A Man Without a Friend

Driven From Home

PRICE \$1.00 EACH

Order from

Clark Publishing Co.

Charlotte, N. C.

Nobodys Business

By Gee McGee.

RELATES FIRST LOVE EXPERIENCE

I was coming 17 when love first shot its arrow into my gizzard. I had seen my then future wife but twice, but I knew then and there that I would die if I did not marry her at once.

As to me, I was not a thing of beauty, nor a joy forever. I was not acquainted with store-bought clothes. I had a jeans coat and a pair of jeans britches, and a pretty little stripped calico shirt. I wore a No. 8 shoe on my right foot, but it took a No. 9 for my left. I was then slightly pigeon-toed, and was somewhat stooped from plowing a fast mule.

As to her, she was a bunch of dewdrops, a plate of sunshine, a vase of lillies, and her lips looked like rose-buds, and her stockings of tan radiated real beauty, and displayed real art, but then it took an accident or a calamity to see above a girl's ankle. I fell for her hard. She was buxom, and wore No. 7 shoes, but feet never stood in anybody's way then when love was knocking at the door.

Well, she told me I could come to see her on Saturday night. I was so happy I thought I'd die. It seemed 3 weeks from Friday afternoon till Saturday night. I begun to doll up about 3 p. m. I first made a trip to the creek. I washed all over with lye soap. My skin shone like a moonbeam and my whole body was red but clean.

Up to that time I had never been introduced to underwear. In fact none of our family was ever burdened with any excess of clothes. So I got a pair of sister's old black stockings and cut the feet out of them and put them on. I blacked my shoes with soot, and shined them with tallow. I got my daddy's razor and scraped my face good, but did not dull it any as my beard was soft and tender, all three of them.

I then got some lard and plastered my hair to my head so tight I had to pry it loose next morning with a case knife. I found a little bit of lily white and I rubbed that on my cheeks with a little red calico rag. Man, that pinkness brought out undiscovered beauty.

I then went to the blacksmith shop and got me several little pieces of iron that rattled like money and put them in my pocket. It was stylish in those days to rattle your money if you had any.

My britches struck me about 4 inches above my brogans. My coat fitted me so tight I looked like a bologna sausage. My shirt had the collar made to it and I had sweated it down two weeks before. I had caught several smellings bugs at the creek and tied them up in my handkerchief, so smelt fairly well considering everything.

night! Your father will agree that I am right, and will insist that we finish the thing up right to save your good name."

Alf Moore sank limply on a chair and stared at Sam Lennox; hope fled from his heart; doubt and despair assailed him: Virginia's protests fell upon deaf ears. Jane Moore smiled, folded her arms across her breast and waited.

"Where's your proof?" asked Alf Moore in a lifeless tone of voice. For answer, Sam Lennox staggered to the door and called loudly to the inmates of an auto that waited on the street.

"Come on in, folks, I'm needing you to prove my claims." With a laugh that was half disgust, half amusement, a woman, painted, very gaudily dressed and perfumed, accompanied by a man whose appearance suggested shabby gentility, came in and joined Sam Lennox, agreeing to and confirming his assertions and claims; with cold-blooded, careless indifference, they perjured themselves as per former agreement with Sam Lennox, and blasphemed Almighty God by swearing away the good name of poor Virginia. She cried out in despair:

"Oh, Daddy! Don't let them take me. I'm innocent!" and sank limp and lifeless to the floor, her sweet pale face turned helplessly and in mute appeal to the gaze of the dastardly villain who planned her ruin.

For a moment Sam Lennox wavered; his conscience pricked him; his cheeks flushed in guilt and shame. But the memory of his humiliation at the hands of John Egle, and a desire to "get even with the parson," urged him to the dastardly deed.

"Stand aside, folks," he said authoritatively: "I'll take care of the little darling." And stooping he lifted Virginia in his arms and started for the door.

"You can't take her like this—wait till she comes to!" spoke the father, at last finding his tongue.

"Oh, Alf, there you go again," chided Jane. "Mr. Lennox is a perfect gentleman, or he wouldn't offer to do all this to make amends. Just as he says, the girl certainly belongs to him now; you can't deny the proof he has brought. I knew all the time that Virginia had lied to that preacher and to you. Let Mr. Lennox take her right now. The air will soon revive her and save us from a scene. You go on, too, and see that she's properly married."

"Now you are talkin sense, Miss Moore," agreed Sam. "She's mine by every law of God and Nature, and I'll make her mine by all the other laws of the land. I'm crazy about her, I tell you, and—and,—but I must rush her away now. Come on, folks!" And the intruders passed out.

Alf Moore, bewildered, crushed, and troubled, uttered a feeble protest; that cry of his child's: "Oh, Daddy! Don't let them take me!" echoed in his brain like a clear toned bell, and above the foul accusations of the trio who had calmly sworn away her name and reputation.

"Don't be a fool, Alf," cautioned his siter, laying a re-

straining hand on his arm. "Better thank the good Lord it ain't worse! You know, he might have gone on and never offered to marry her! Why it's the best thing that could have happened." But the man was not listening. His face lighted with a new thought:

"By heaven,—I know what I'll do! I'll have a doctor! I'll find out if they've lied!" He grabbed his hat and made for the door, now thoroughly aroused to action. In his hour of extremity his mind had grouped yearningly for a ray of hope—some tangible, positive evidence of his daughter's purity. A doctor would know!

As he reached the door, the automobile dashed away, leaving Alf Moore gazing after it in dumb fury and despair.

A few passers-by had seen the little drama, but missed the tragedy believing that a sick girl was being carried to the hospital,—a common occurrence that caused no comment, and left no lasting impression.

Directed by Sam Lennox, the automobile went at full speed, turning curves and corners recklessly, but slowed up when passing John Ergle's study. The preacher was busy answering a letter, but the loud blast of an auto horn caught his attention and he looked around just in time to see the fair head of Virginia on the breast of Sam Lennox, in quiet, happy surrender it seemed, while Sam laughed aloud:

"The triumph of love, parson! Wish us long life and happiness. She's mine!"

Virginia stirred, and raised a hand in feeble protest. The painted woman quickly waved a handkerchief over the face, while the preacher ran to the door and, perplexed and troubled, gazed after them.

Loudly and persistently his telephone rang. He dashed to take the message. It was Alf Moore.

"They've got her! they've got her," he wailed. "Sam Lennox proved she was guilty! Virginia denied it and fainted, and they took her away unconscious, not giving me a chance to clear her. Lord, parson, what'll I do?"

"Do? Get out a warrant for him! Do it quick! I'm after him on my motorcycle, and if the police don't get him before I do, the devil had better take care of his own!" stormed the preacher.

CHAPTER VI

The preacher himself called the chief of police and urged that officers be rushed to the two big bridges with instructions to stop the kidnapers. If they should cross the river and get to Alabama, there would be more complications and delays.

"Lord, keep me from sin," prayed the preacher as he jerked out his motorcycle. "But—if violence must be used, strengthen my good right arm in defense of a helpless child."

Hurriedly adjusting a close fitting cap and big goggles with the satisfied assurance that Sam Lennox would not recognize him on sight, then springing to his seat he dashed away in the direction taken by the automobile,

My next job was getting out of the house without any of my brothers or sisters seeing me. I had never tried to dress up before, and if they had seen me life would not have been worth a dime.

I began to get excited about that time. I tried to think what I would say to my sweetheart. I walked a while and would then run a while, and I studied up several nice things to say—like this: I am so glad to see you, you are so pretty. I am glad I met you. I seen you yesterday but you never seen me ansoforth.

But on I went, I got there. I walked up the steps. The thermometer was below freezing, but I was above melting. Never sweated so in my life. My mouth was dry, my breath was short, my tongue was glued to my throat, my stomach hurt, and my shoes began to pinch my toes.

The old man came to the door. I said, "Is she here?" He said, "Hell, no brat—do your maw know where you air tonight? Daughter's gone to a party if you happen to be looking for her." Slam went the door. I went home with a broken-heart, and never have had any use for that man or that woman since.

GREENVILLE, S. C.

Textile Club Elects Moseley as President

Harry W. Moseley, of Monaghan, was elected president of the Greenville Textile Club, succeeding J. D. Whitmire, of Mills Mill, at the regular meeting of the Club last night at Parker high school.

B. W. Ramey, of Woodside, was named vice-president; Loui Greet, vocational director of the Parker schools, secretary-treasurer, and J. J. Brown, assistant secretary-treasurer.

Rev. A. M. Doggett, Methodist Industrial secretary for the Aug. W. Smith chain of mills, delivered the principal address on the "Important Things in the Cotton Industry," mentioning chiefly folk, cotton and machinery. Music was furnished by the Southern Pastime orchestra from the Southern Worsted Corporation.

CHESTER, S. C.

Eureka Mill.

Dear Aunt Becky:

The new story is fine. If it is ever published in book form, I want it.

There has been a number of children with measles, but all have gotten along fine.

Mrs. M. E. Dansey is recovering from a four-weeks illness.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Curley Neal, January 25th, a son. To Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Bell, December 13th, a son.

Our mill continues to run full time day and night.

Mr. Mack has returned from the hospital, where he underwent an operation for appendicitis, and is improving rapidly.

We will try to send the news more regularly from Eureka. Come to see us sometime.

Mrs. F. T. B.

Whatever cannot be obtained by honest means, had better be avoided.—Lincoln.

FRIES, VA.

Dear Aunt Becky:

All last week we had warm mild weather and the mud-pikes hereabouts were almost impassable for an ox cart or even an old "T"-Bone Ford, and today (Saturday) at three o'clock p. m. the mercury is 5 degrees above zero, which is much warmer than it was this morning at 3 a. m.

Hon. J. C. Padgett of Independence, addressed the local P. T. A. at the school building Tuesday evening on the subject of education.

Did you read about the racket that Senator Hefflin raised in the Senate at Washington last week? And then notice how the Alabama folks resented it? He must be an awful big-windy.

The young men's Sunday school classes of both our churches had an informal banquet and social meeting together at the Y. M. C. A. Thursday night; it was an enjoyable and profitable meeting for the young men. P. B. Spangler of the Methodist church and O. D. Rhudy Baptist, are the teachers. There were more than one hundred present; Mack Hines was toast-master and Pink Welch was chief cook and bottle-washer. The boys liked the meeting fine and even the ones who were called on to make short speeches say they would like to have the privilege of attending another such meeting.

Mrs. J. W. Bolton, wife of our superintendent, is very much indisposed at this time, we are sorry to report.

Mr. Charlie Eversole was taken to the Jefferson Hospital, Roanoke, last Thursday for an appendix operation; he is reported to be progressing nicely.

The "Hill-Billies" gave us a nice evening's entertainment at the "Y" Friday; doubtless many of you have heard this talented aggregation over your radios but that is not as good as hearing them direct from the stage.

The "Home Section" evidently goes to the far corners of these old United States; I have recently heard from folks in Florida and New Orleans who made mention of reading items from "The old home town."

Mr. Williams, the Draper man from Atlanta, spent a few days with us last week.

Hope everybody don't have the flu this old changeable weather.

Fries defeated Ivanhoe 36 to 31 in a basket ball contest this evening. Ivanhoe is getting better. Georgia Cracker.

EASILY SETTLED

—Sam—When 're you going to pay that \$8 for pasturing your heifer? I've had her now for about 10 weeks.

Hiram—Why, Sam, the critter ain't worth more'n \$10.

Sam—Well, sposing' I keep her for what you owe me?

Hiram—Not by a jugful. Tell you what I'll do. You keep her two weeks more an' you can have her.

Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon.—Isaiah 55:7.

and he had failed to notice the number!

A fierce resentment mingled with the dread in his heart. Why must he be forever burdened with the troubles of other people? Why did God allow people to bring children into the world who were wholly incapable of caring for them? A lame ankle had barred him from active service in the war, in spite of his protests that it gave him no inconvenience. And he had so wanted to serve! Would he never realize any of his ambitions? Must his whole life be spent in this eternal nerve-racking fight with the hosts of sin? Was there no peace, no quiet hours for study and self improvement—no rest this side of the grave?

Here he whizzed past the big, fine First Baptist church, with the handsome library and pastor's study, opening on the street; across the door was the word "Private" in large black letters, on a white background, was very conspicuous, frightening the timid away. The poor in spirit, the friendless and broken hearted shunned the great divine who pored so diligently over his desk, consulting great authors and preparing his Sunday sermons with minute care, for a congregation that demanded "intellectual" feasts. The Rev. Louder's salary was fifty-two hundred per year,—one hundred per week.

John Ergle would not have been human if for a moment he had not felt a pang of jealousy, as he thought how the daily papers copied Rev. Louder's sermons, which were indeed, brilliant; but in his heart he knew that he would not exchange places with the man. The little brown church and congregation of common, everyday working people, who were the "salt of the earth"—most of them from the mills, had become heart-rendingly dear to him.

On his study door was the hearty invitation:

"COME RIGHT IN, AND LET'S
TALK IT OVER. I AM HERE TO
SERVE YOU." JOHN ERGLE,
Pastor.

He had wanted to serve the wounded and dying in war-torn France, and had been denied. He liked to think of his study as a study as a "first aid," and his church as a "hospital" for the physically or mentally sick; where the bereaved in heart and the afflicted in body or mind could always turn for comfort and help in time of trouble. And they came to him trustingly and unafraid!

These thoughts came to John Ergle in lightning-like flashes as he dashed down the street alert and eager-eyed, his nostrils dilated, his hands clutching the handle-bars in a grip that left his knuckles white.

A great throb of pain gripped his heart. What would happen to Virginia if Sam Lennox should evade the police? There were so many questionable resorts into which he might take and hide her and himself, like the proverbial needle in the haystack. God! The thought was horrible.

(Continued Next Week)